PRUNE MINTS
NO.
ADULTS ONLY!
50¢
BANG!
ASSASSIN of YOUTH

RUBBER DUCK #2, © 1972 by Michael J. and Robbie Landeros. ~ Published by The Print Mint 830 Folger Ave. Berkeley 94710
NOBODY IN THIS HERE COMIK BOOK IS INTENDED TO BE REAL

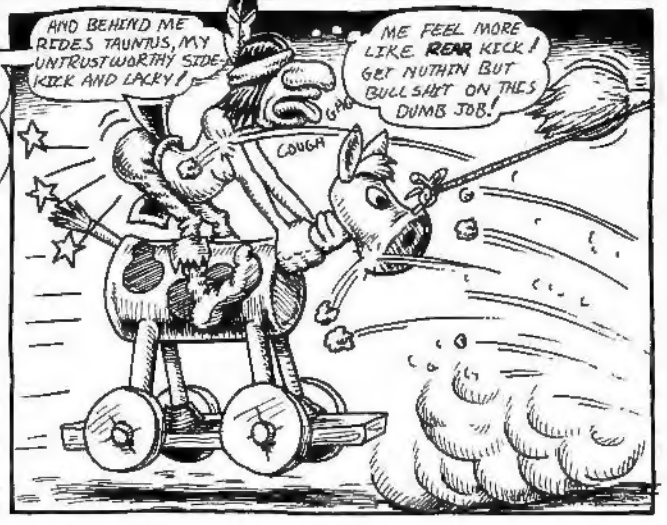
HI HO PLATINUM AWAAA YYYYYAAAAE!

HI HO CRACKERS!

"THE COMIC THAT PEEPS UP WHERE OTHERS LEAVE OFF"

3-15-72

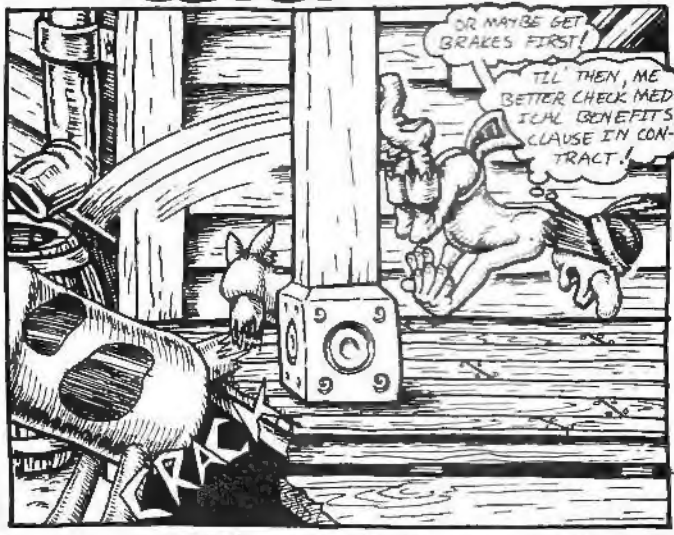
LANDEROS



AHH! WE'RE APPROACHING A SMALL, LISTLESS, LANGUID WESTERN TOWN JUST SIMMERIN' UNDER THE HEAT OF THE NOONDAY SUN! WHO KNOWS WHAT HUMAN EMOTIONS AND CONFLICTS ARE SMOLDERIN' BENEATH ITS PLACID EXTERIOR!
WHOA, PLATINUM

TAUNTUS - YOU WILL CONTINUE ON AHEAD INTO TOWN AND PUT YER OVERGROWN SCHNOZZOLA TO WORK!
URCH
WORK WORK WORK! ALL I EVER HERE 'ROUND HERE! SOMETIMES BLOWN STRANGER SOUND LIKE ASTHMATIC BUFFALO IN HEAT!

IF BLOWN PIKER EVER OWES UP ON 3 MONTHS BACK PAY, ME CAN AFFORD STEERING WHEEL FOR THIS STUPID CONTRAPTION!
HARDWARE


OR MAYBE GET BRAKES FIRST!
TIL' THEN, ME BETTER CHECK MEDICAL BENEFITS CLAUSE IN CONTRACT!
KRAC

OH DEAR! I JUST HOPE THERE ISN'T ANY VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED WHEN THEY GET HERE! YOU KNOW I JUST CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF BLOOD! IT'S ALL SO PRIMITIVE, SO ANIMALISTIC!
YA GOTTA BE PART ANIMAL TO SURVIVE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY! BUT THE MENFOLK OF THIS TOWN PREFER TO COWER BEHIND LOCKED DOORS! I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! EVEN IF I HAVE TO DO IT ALONE!

BUT WHY, AFTER ALL THIS TIME DO THEY WANT TO VENT THEIR HATRED ON SOCIETY AND INNOCENT FOLKS LIKE US WHO WERE MERELY FOLLOWING THE WRITTEN LAW!
THAT'S JUST WHAT KIND OF CAYOTE YOU GOTTA BE TO DO WHAT THEM DUDES DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE! THEY'RE JUST BORN BAD!
!?
HOO BOY! NIZE BOOTS!
SKID

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF YOU GOT HURT! (SOB) WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US! (BOO HOO) (SNIVEL)!
THERE THERE! HASN'T BIG-SIS ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF BETSY WETSY? HERE! LET ME KISS AWAY THOSE NASTY TEARS! UMM!?
AAAHH! THAT AROMA! THAT DISTINCTIVE FLAVOR! IS DEFINITELY THOM M'AN VINTAGE '73! AN EXCELLENT YEAR!

NUDGE
UMMM! (KISS) (SMOOCH) NOW, DOESN'T THAT FEEL BETTER? HMMM?
UMMM, OH, HA HA! IT MAKE PENIS SQUIRM LIKE WOUNDED LIZARD!
OOO! AAAH!
KOWABONGA!
SQUIRT

YES, I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW BIG SISTER IF ONLY IT WEREN'T FOR THIS HEAT! IT MAKES MY LEGS ALL STICKY!

SO THAT'S THE SCENE, EH? HEH, HEH! THIS GIG OUGHTA BE A REAL PUSHOVER! AND THE PAY-OFF SHOULD CERTAINLY BE LUCRITIVE CONSIDERING WHAT YOU TELL ME ABOUT THESE FOXY SISTERS AND THEIR QUEERO RELATIONSHIP! HA! IT'S FUNNY TO THINK YOU TELLIN' ME 'BOUT QUEERO RELATIONSHIPS!
YES SIR KIMO SABE SIR!
UP YOUR HOLE, WHITE-EYES!

SO THEN! LET US RIDE TAUNTUS! RIDE TO FAME AND GLORY!
AND MAYBE A LITTLE NOOKIE!

THERE THEY ARE NOW BLOWN STRANGER!

AND A GOOD DAY TO YOU M'LADIES! ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM THE ONE, THE ONLY – WELL, AHEM – SEE FOR YERSELF!
MY CARD!
GOTTA CHECK INTO THAT CLAUSE!

? YOU GOT PROBLEMS ?
? YOU GOT CREWING GUNTOTE ?
THEN CALL ...
THE BLOWN STRANGE
! MERCENARY EXTRAORDINARY
MOTTO: "FUN WITH A GUN AND A BOD TO BOOT!"
"LOTS A FUN AT PARTIES"
HMMM! SOUNDS IDEAL! I THINK I CAN USE YOU!

HEH HEH! MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY!
LET'S STEP INSIDE AND TALK ABOUT IT OVER A BREW! BUT FIRST YOU MUST DO ME ONE FAVOR!
SURE! WHAT IS IT?
SIGH!

CALL OFF YER CREEPD REDSKIN!
DOWN TAUNTUS! DOWN I SAY!!

Later
SO ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH THE DANCE, THE SHERIFF GOES OUT BEHIND THE BARN TO CATCH A BREATH O' FRESH AIR, AND INSTEAD GETS A LUNGFUL O' LOCO WEED SMOKE! SO HE DRAWS HIS GUNS AND SAYS THAT IF THEY WANT TO GET HIGH, HE'LL SEE TO IT THEY GET SENT UP! AND HE DID!
BETSY, GO RUSTLE UP SOME GRUB ER SUMPTHIN'!
OOO! WHEN YOU MOVE YOUR FINGERS, YOUR WHOLE ARM RIPPLES!

AND NOW OL' AMOS HURTZ AN' HIS BOYS ARE DUE TO ARRIVE ON THE 12:40 TRAIN TO REEK VENGEANCE AND BODY ODOR UPON OUR TOWN!
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT A THING! I ALWAYS GET MY MAN! AN' I DON'T MIND SAYING THAT I ALWAYS GET MY WOMAN TOO!
IF YOU GOT MY LIL' SISTER IN MIND, YOU KIN SHOVE IT! I AIN'T LETTIN' HER FALL IN WITH NO OVER GROWN BICEPT WHOSE ONLY TALENT SO FAR SEEMS TO BE ROLLING ONE HANDED FAGS!
BETTER THAN ROLLIN' A BIG-MOUTHED FAG LIKE YOU!
SHUCKS!

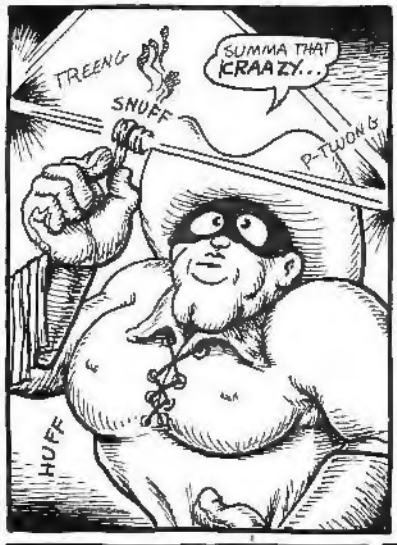
OKAY PRETTY BOY! THAT DOES IT! YOUR KINDA HELP WE DON'T NEED! WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR INDIAN FRIEND GET ON YOUR BULL AND RIDE OUTA THIS TOWN!
WHUZZA MATTER BUTCHIE BABY! YOU 'FRAID OF A REEL ROD-TOTER?

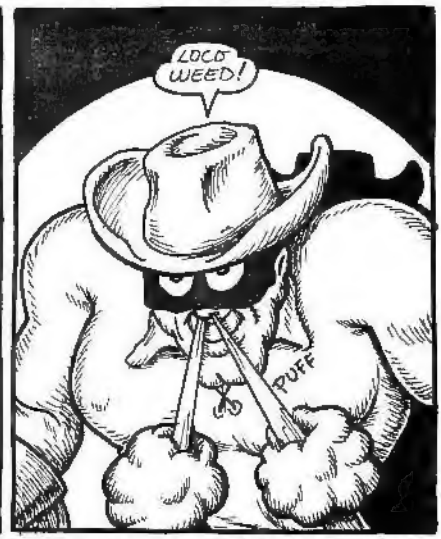
THE NAME AIN'T BUTCHIE! IT'S FANNY OAKLEY AND I'M CALLIN' YER BLUFF! STAND UP AND FIGHT OR I'LL PLUG YOU WHERE YOU SIT!
YOU BETTER SIT DOWN OR I'LL PLUG YOU WHERE YOU PISS! HEE-HAW HAA!

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PIG!!
BLAM

OOOAH LORDY! LEMME SEE DA LIGHT!
FUTSHHH
TIC
BLAM

P-TWANG
TEE-ONG
CAUSE I WANNA SMOKE...
SUCK


TREENG
SNUFF
SUMMA THAT KRAAZY...
P-TWONG
HUFF


LOCO WEED!
PUFF

HEY! YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD FOR A DUDE!
AN' THAT AIN'T ALL MY AMMUNITION!

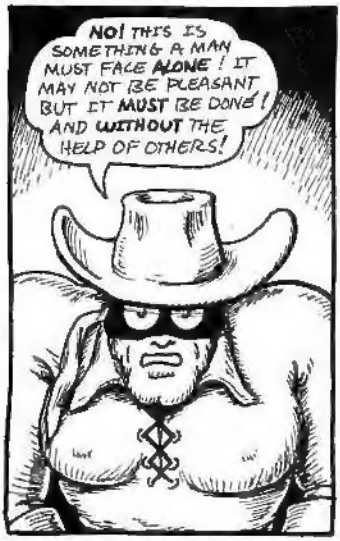
I'LL BET IT AIN'T BIG BOY!
PUT YOUR MOUTH WHERE YOUR MONEY IS!
10 TO 1 YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!
I WILL IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT!
DEPENDS WHAT GAME WE'RE PLAYIN'!
STUD POKER!
NOW SHUT UP WITH THE SNAPPY RETORTS AND KISS MY MOUTH!

NIBBLE
BITE
GNAW
GRAARRRRRRR
GRRRR

BLOWN STRANGER! BLOWN STRANGER!
GREAT MOTHER EARTH TELL ME IRON HORSE APPROACHING TOWN!
BESIDES, GRANDFATHER CLOCK TELL ME IT TIME FOR 12:40 TRAIN TO GET HERE!

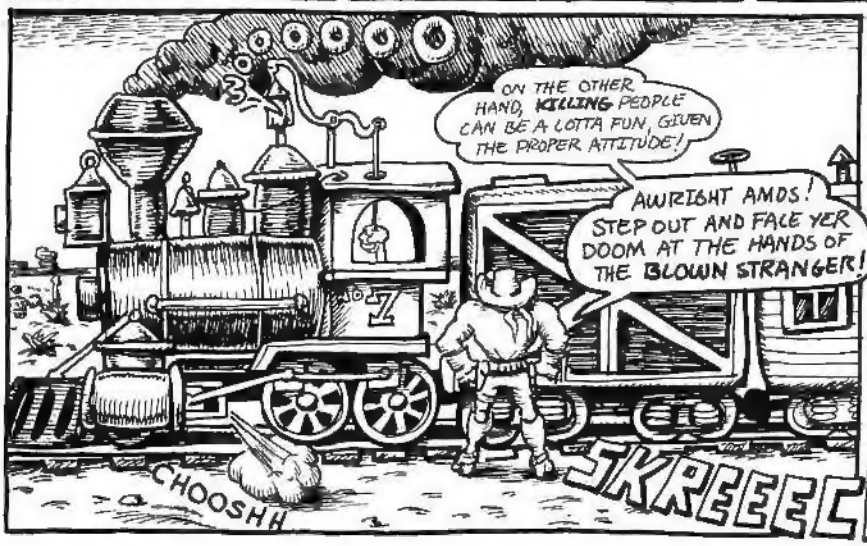
SO! THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO GO FORTH IN THE NAME OF HONOR, DECENCY AND JUSTICE TO KILL, MAIM AND MUTILATE! SO LEGGO MY ARM! WOMAN!
NO NO! STAY HERE AND MAKE SWEET LOVE TO US!
PETTDON TELL ME OCEAN APPROACHING TOWN!

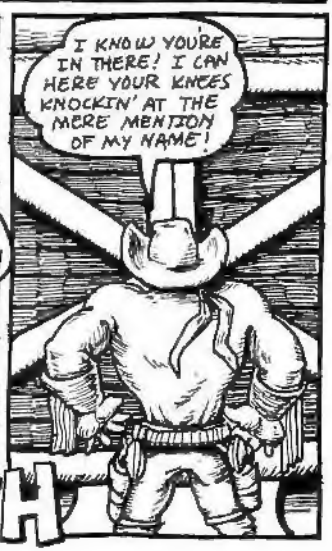
NO! I MUST GO OUT THAT DOOR AND DO WHAT MUST BE DONE, FOR IT IS DESTINY WHAT CALLS!
THEN LET ME GO WITH YOU!!
OO-HOO


NO! THIS IS SOMETHING A MAN MUST FACE ALONE! IT MAY NOT BE PLEASANT BUT IT MUST BE DONE! AND WITHOUT THE HELP OF OTHERS!

GOD KNOWS IT'S A MESSY JOB THAT NOBODY LOOKS FORWARD TO, BUT A MAN HAS GOT TO DO WHAT HE'S GOTTA DO!

AND I DEFINITELY GOTTA DO!
BRAP
SEARS ROEBUCK & CO.


ON THE OTHER HAND, KILLING PEOPLE CAN BE A LOTTA FUN, GIVEN THE PROPER ATTITUDE!
AWRIGHT AMOS! STEP OUT AND FACE YER DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE BLOWN STRANGER!
CHOOSHH
SKREEECH

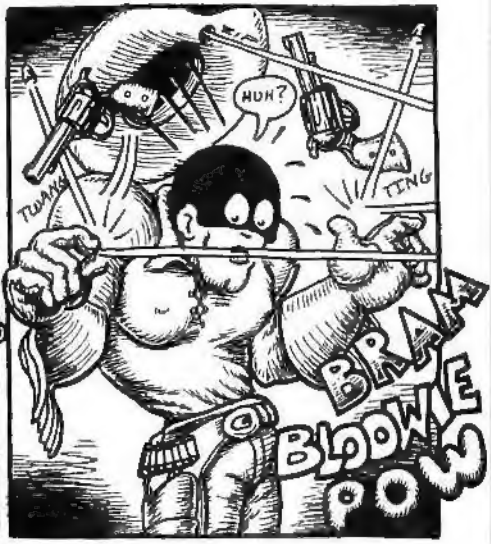

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! I CAN HERE YOUR KNEES KNOCKIN' AT THE MERE MENTION OF MY NAME!

DUH, HUH?
WHAT CHEW SAY SONNY?
STATE YOUR BUSINESS A TRIFLE MORE PRECISELY PLEASE!

SHEEEISH! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE A MERCY KILLIN'!
HEY, HURRY IT UP MISTER! WE GOT A WHOLE TOWN TO BURN DOWN TODAY!

LOOK FELLAS! THE THING IS, YOU CAN'T JUST COME INTO A TOWN WHERE DECENT FOLK LIVE, AN' START BURNIN' AN' SACKIN' AN'... AN'... OH, WHAT THE HELL...

A JOB'S A JOB! TASTE PLATINUM DE-
HEY MISTER! YER FLY'S OPEN!


HUH?
TUNNG
TING
BRAM
BLOOWIE
POW

YOU WAS SAYING MASKED MAN?

ER... COULD I INTEREST YOU IN PURCHASING A GALLON OF QUALITY KEROSENE?
CHEAP?
HEH HEH
KEROSENE

SHEEEEEE!

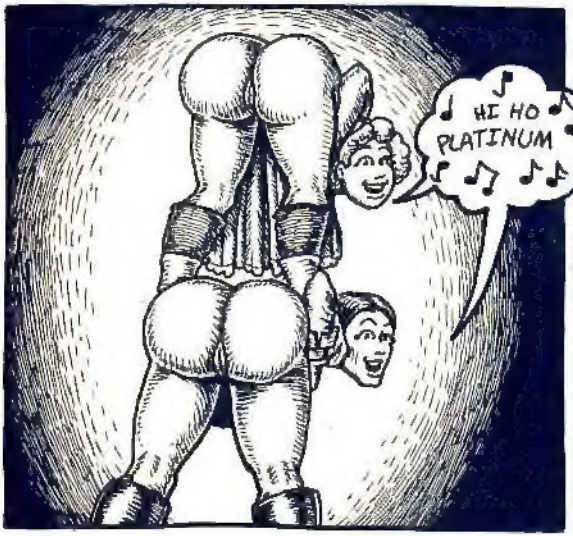
OUTMANUEVERED BY A SCRAWNY, HALF-PINT EGGHEAD! IT'S DOWNRIGHT DENIGRATIN' IS WHAT IT IS! WELL... LOOKS AS THOUGH MY REP IS WASHED UP IN THIS TERRITORY!

AND HERE I WAS LOOKIN' FORWARD TO SPILLIN' A LITTLE BLOOD, BUT WHAT THE HAY...
IF I CAN'T KILL MEN...

OK GALS! SPREAD 'EM OUT! I AIM TO DO ME SOME FUCKIN' TODAY!

WELL YOUR AIM'S A LITTLE OFF TODAY SO DON'T COUNT ON IT! I DECLARE, THE NERVE OF SOME PEOPLE! HALF THE TOWN'S BURNING DOWN OUT THERE AND YOU STAND HERE DEMANDING OUR FAVORS!
YEAH! PERSONALLY, I'D RATHER BALL LITTLE FOUR-EYES OUT THERE!
YEAH? WELL LITTLE FOUR-EYES AIN'T GOT—

ONE O' THESE!
FLASH
MERCY ME!!
A PLATINUM PRICK!


HI HO PLATINUM

SO Amongst the flames of destruction, arise the flames of Passion!
SHLOSH
UNK
WHAM
NYA HA HA WAH
CRACKLE

Like the melancholy tolling of a bell, a voice gently calls through the ashen gray ghosts that arise from the blackened skeleleton of the small, western town, asholdering 'neath the noonday sun~

WHA HOPPEN?

MY MIND IS RILLY MESSED UP! THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS A FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT, A BLAST OF HEAT...

A CLOUD OF DUST AND A HEARTY HI HO PLATINUM! I KNOW MY DEAR, I KNOW!

I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN, BIG SIS! I FEEL SUCH AN EMPTINESS INSIDE, AFTER HAVING BEEN REAMED OUT BY THAT STRANGER, WHOEVER HE WAS!

SHIT! WHO THE HELL DID THAT MASKED MAN THINK HE WAS ANYHOW?

YOU MAY WELL ASK LADIES' HOWEVER, THE ANSWER LIES WITHIN THE QUESTION ITSELF!

HE THOUGHT HE WAS A MASKED MAN !!

YOU SEE, LAST NIGHT AS I WAS TRAVELIN' 'CROST THE PRAIRIE, I CHANCED UPON A QUEER SIGHT, – YES, A VERY QUEER SIGHT INDEED!

It WAS 'ROUND THE LIGHT OF THE OL' CAMPFIRE...

AND AFTER YOU'RE FINISHED SUCKING ME OFF, YOU CAN POLISH MY DILDO, TAUNTUS!

ME NEVER ANSWER AD FOR "ODD JOBS" AGAIN!

WINK

el ENDO

SHISHKA-BOB

HOWDY NEIGH-BURS!

WITH

SLIM PIMP

AND

LITTLE ANNIE WALKER

THE WUNDA HOSS

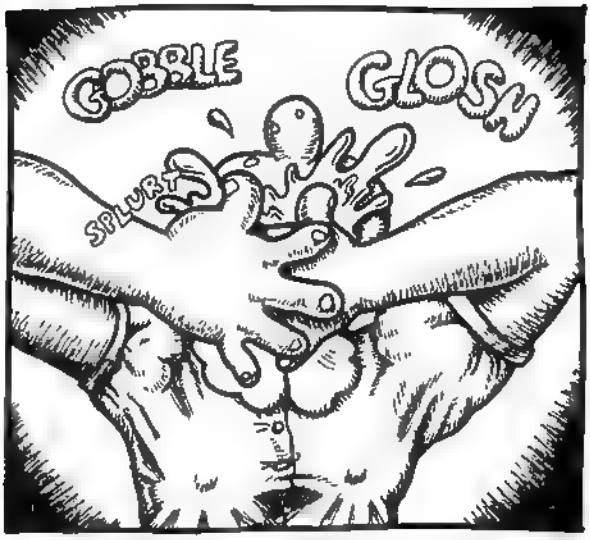
SUMMORE COUNTRY HUMOR

by

Robert Landers

1-12-72

TA-DAAA


GOBBLE
GLOSH
SPLURT

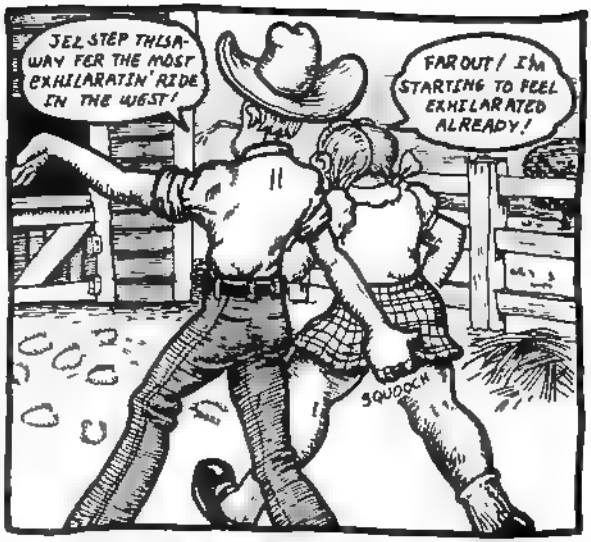
SUCH TEMPORARY GRATIFICATIONS ARE FINE, BUT I NEED SUMPIN A LITTLE MORE SUBSTANSHUL!

WOW! THAT OUGHTA BE A REAL BOSS TRIP!
HEY GALS! RIDE
THE
PRICE- WHATEVER YOU CAN DISH OUT

I'M TELLIN' YEW- RIDING THE RANGE WILL DO ME FINE!
SLIM PIMP STABLES

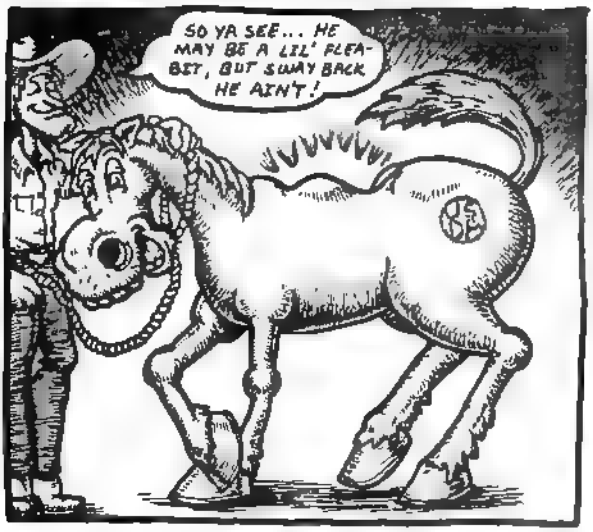
HEY MISTER! ARE YOU SLIM PIMP?
THAS RAT! WHUT KIN AH DO FER YEW LIL' LADY!
AS IF'N AH DIDN'T KNOW!

I WANNA RIDE SHISHKA-BOB THE WONDER HORSE!
WAHHL, AHM INCLINED TA BELIEVE YA MAYUM!


JEL STEP THISA-WAY FER THE MOST EXHILARATIN' RIDE IN THE WEST!
FAR OUT! I'M STARTING TO FEEL EXHILARATED ALREADY!
SQUOOCH

AN' HYAR HE IS BY GOLLY! THE NINTH WONDER O' THE WORLD, NEXT TA KING KONG O'COURSE!
WHY, HE'S NUTHIN' BUT AN' OL' FLEA BIT, SWAY BACK NAG!
CHOMP
CRUNCH

WELL NOW, AH WOULDN'T SAY THAY-UT! YA SEE, SHISHKA-BOB IS MY OWN HYBRID INVENTION WHICH OCCURRED TO ME WHILST TRAVELIN' IN THE NEAR EAST! MAH ORIGINAL INTENTION WAS TA BREED A HOSS WHUT COULD TRAVEL FER DAYS WITH NARY A SIP O' WATER!
UNGH
IT WAS A REVOLUTIONERY AN' CHALLENGIN' CONCEPTION TA SAY THE LEAST; BUT THE RESULTS WAS NOT QUITE AS ANTICIPATED!

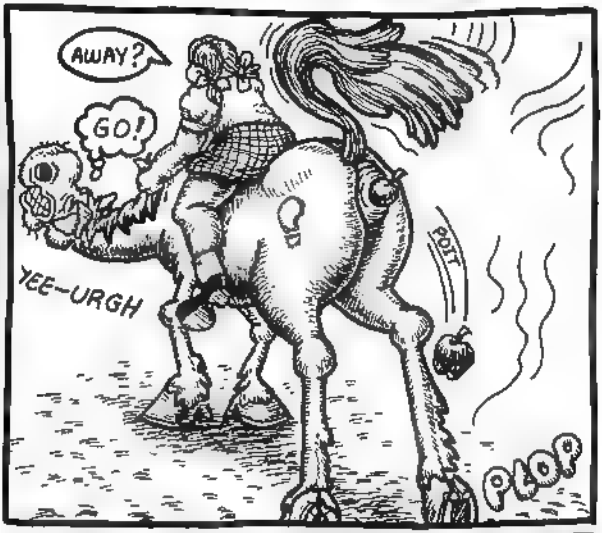

SO YA SEE... HE MAY BE A LIL' FLEA-BIT, BUT SWAY BACK HE AIN'T!

WELL JES SLIP YA ONTA HIM LAK SO!

HEY! YOU FERGOT TO PUT ON THE SADDLE!
DON'T WORRY YER PERTY LIL HAID 'BOUT THAT MAYUM! SEEIN' AS HOW SHISHKABOB IS NATCHERLY FORM FITTIN' FER YOU GALS, YA DO IT BARE BACK DONCHA SEE!
HEH-HEH

GEE! THAT'S REAL GROOVY!
NOW, TA STEER 'IM, JES PULL RIGHT ER LEFT ON THE MANE, HYAR! TA MAKE 'IM STOP OR GO, JES PULL OR EASE UP ON IT!
GROAN
GOTCHA! NOW STEP ASIDE!

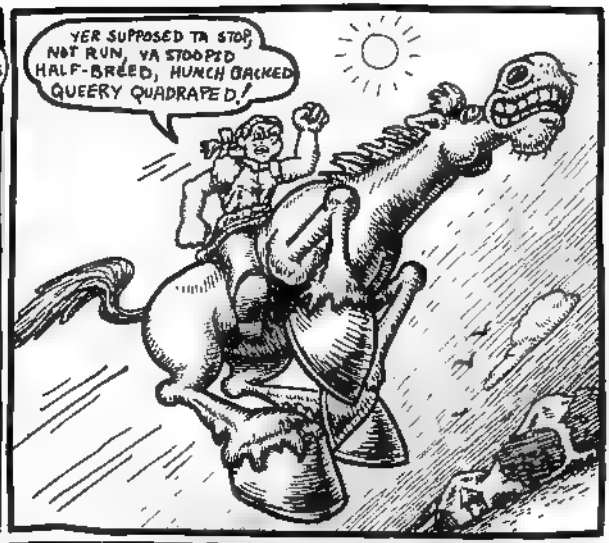
HI HO SHISHKA-BOB
AND AWAAAY WE—

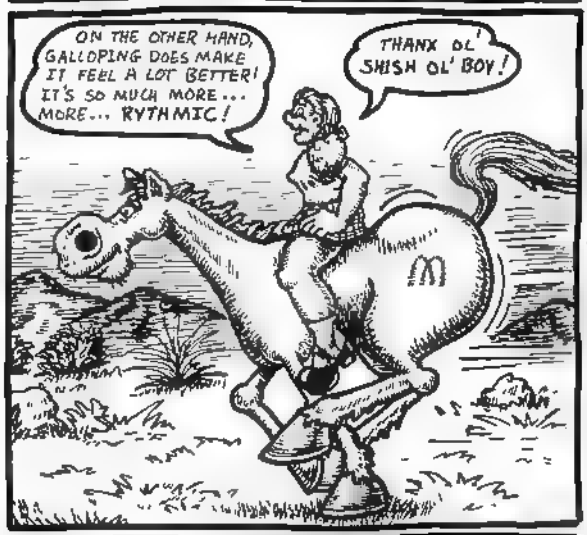

AWAY?
GO!
YEE-URGH
POIT
PLOP

YOU SHOULD CHEW YER FOOD A LITTLE MORE THOROUGHLY SHISH OL' BOY!
C'MON, LET'S START LAYING SOME GROUND! GIDDAP BOY!
WHAP
WHEW!

OO! OW! THIS IS DAMAGING MY DIVIDE!
CLIPPITY CLOP
HIPPITY HOP

WE'D BETTER SLOW DOWN BEFORE I COME APART AT THE SEAM!
BUT IN THE EXCITEMENT, LITTLE ANNIE WALKER FORGETS SLIM PIMP'S INSTRUCTIONS AND LETS GO ALTOGETHER! — ED.
WHOA BOY, WHOA!


YER SUPPOSED TA STOP, NOT RUN, YA STOOPID HALF-BREED, HUNCH BACKED QUEERY QUADRAPED!


ON THE OTHER HAND, GALLOPING DOES MAKE IT FEEL A LOT BETTER! IT'S SO MUCH MORE... MORE... RYTHMIC!
THANX OL' SHISH OL' BOY!

OH YES! IT MAKES IT FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER!
OH YES!

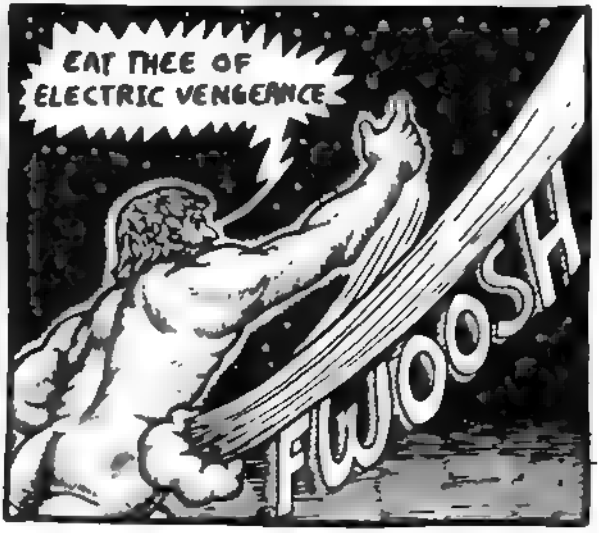
OH YES, YES! OH SHISH, OOH YESS, YESS! OH SHIT OH SHIT SHISH

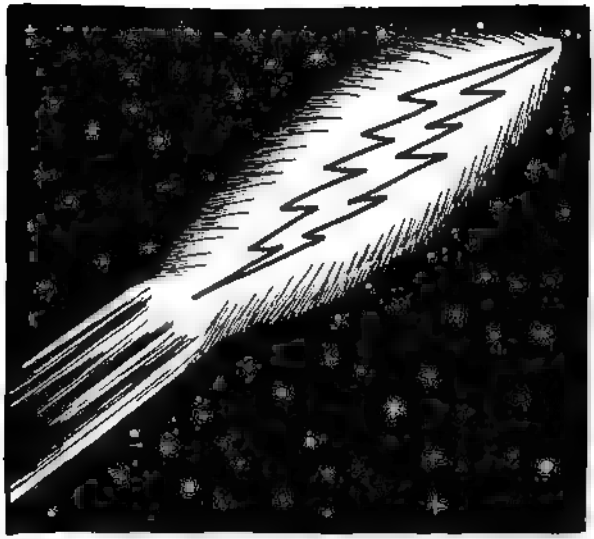
OH SHISH SHI SHI SHI SHI SHI SHISHIIIIIIII
OH SHEEEIT

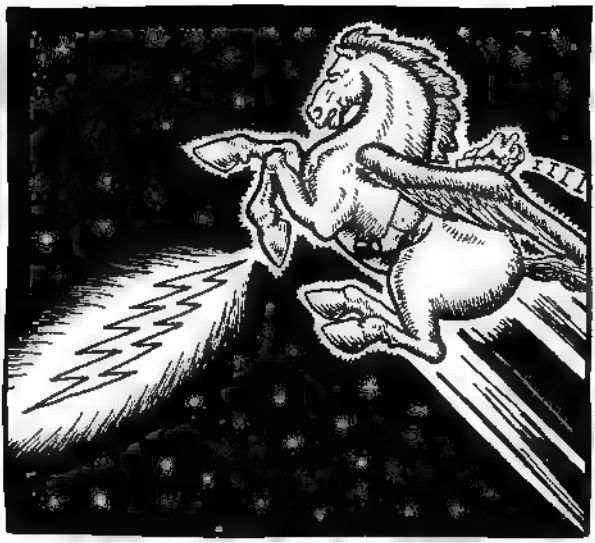
FUSE

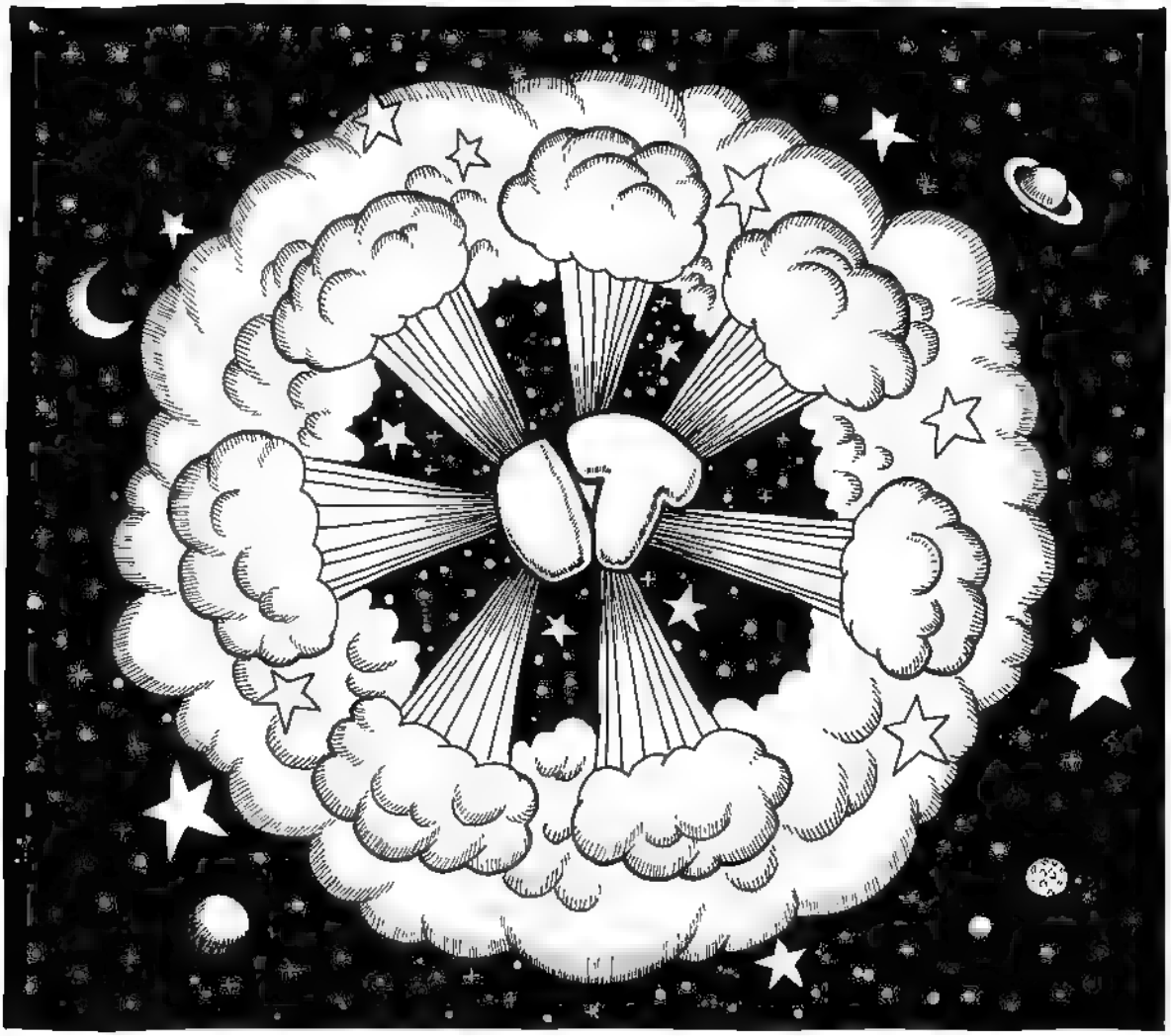
WHAT IMPERTINANT MORTALS DARE ATTEMPT SOAR BEYOND THE PORTAL OF THE GODS?!

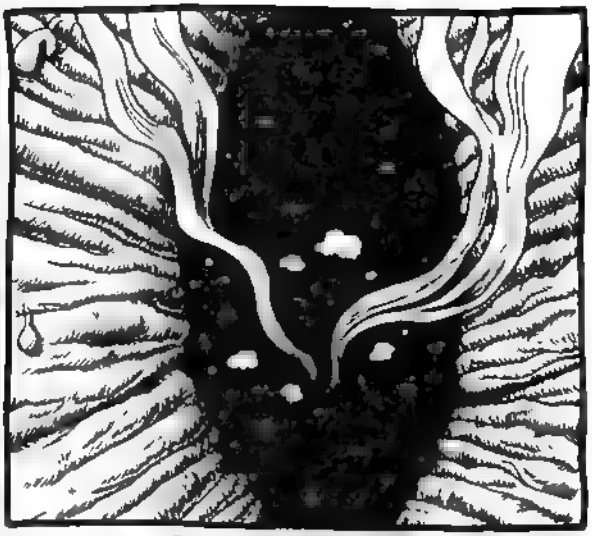
BY THE FIERY FORGE OF VULCAN MAY THEE DE SUFFERED THY REWARD!

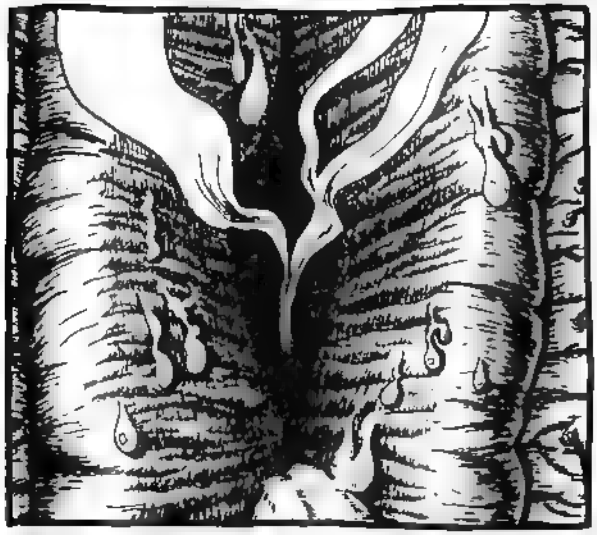

EAT THEE OF ELECTRIC VENGEANCE
FWOOSH

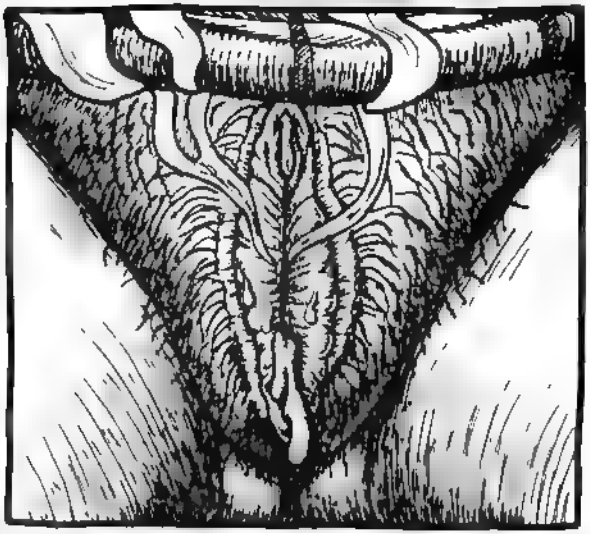


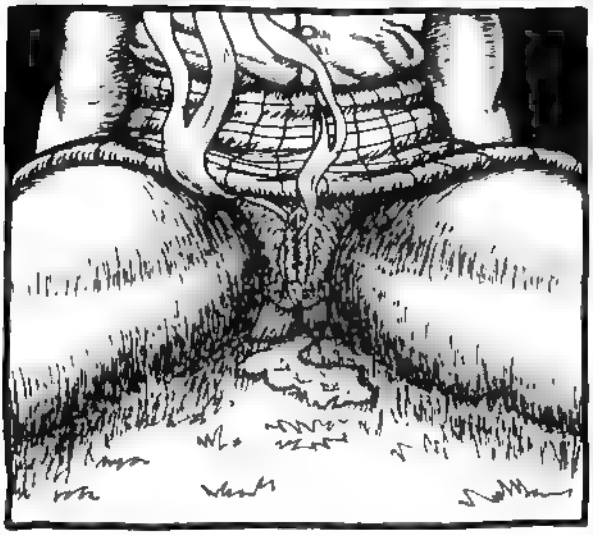


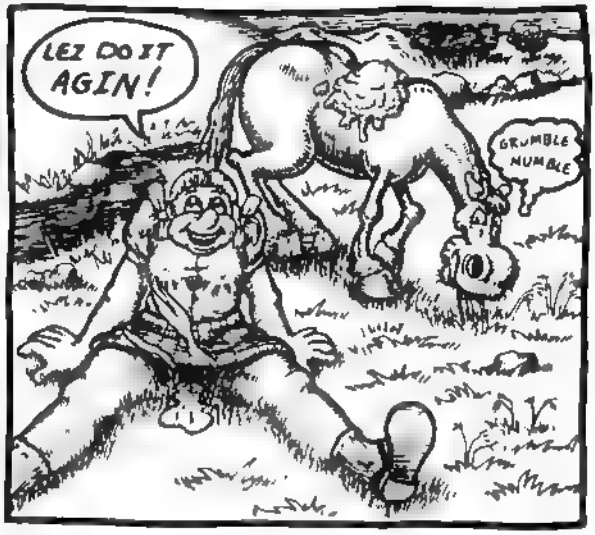








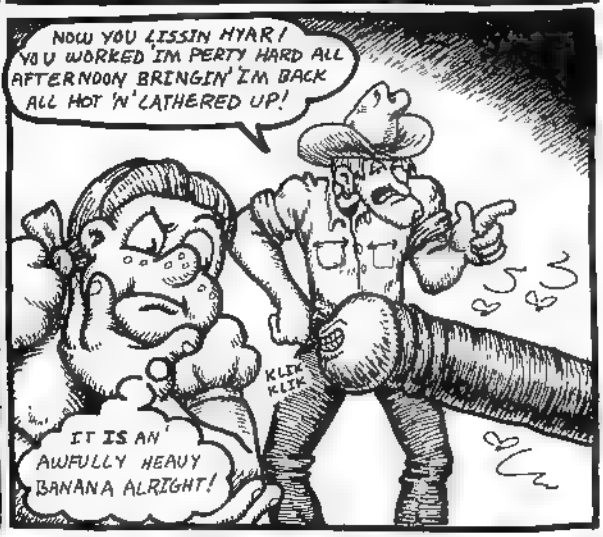



LEZ DO IT AGIN!
GRUMBLE MUMBLE

Much Later
MAN! THAT WAS A REAL EXHILA-WHATZIT RIDE THERE! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?
DON'T OWE ME NUTHIN'! PAY THE FELLER BEHIND YA!

WHA-!?
PUT YER SUCKER TA WORK ON THIS PROJECT LIL' MISSY!

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECT ME TO DEFILE MY DENTYNE MOUTH ON THIS RAUNCHY ROD?!!


NOW YOU LISSIN HYAR! YOU WORKED 'IM PERTY HARD ALL AFTERNOON BRINGIN' 'IM BACK ALL HOT 'N' LATHERED UP!
KLIK KLIK
IT IS AN' AWFULLY HEAVY BANANA ALRIGHT!

AN' SIDES, Y'ALL WANNA COME BACK TA RIDE 'IM AGIN SOME-TIME, DONCHA? HMMM?

MMMM YUMM

YA-HOO! RIDE 'EM ANNIE!

AIN'T JUSTICE POETIC?

The End

A JOURNEY INTO THE CESSPOOLS OF THE MIND:

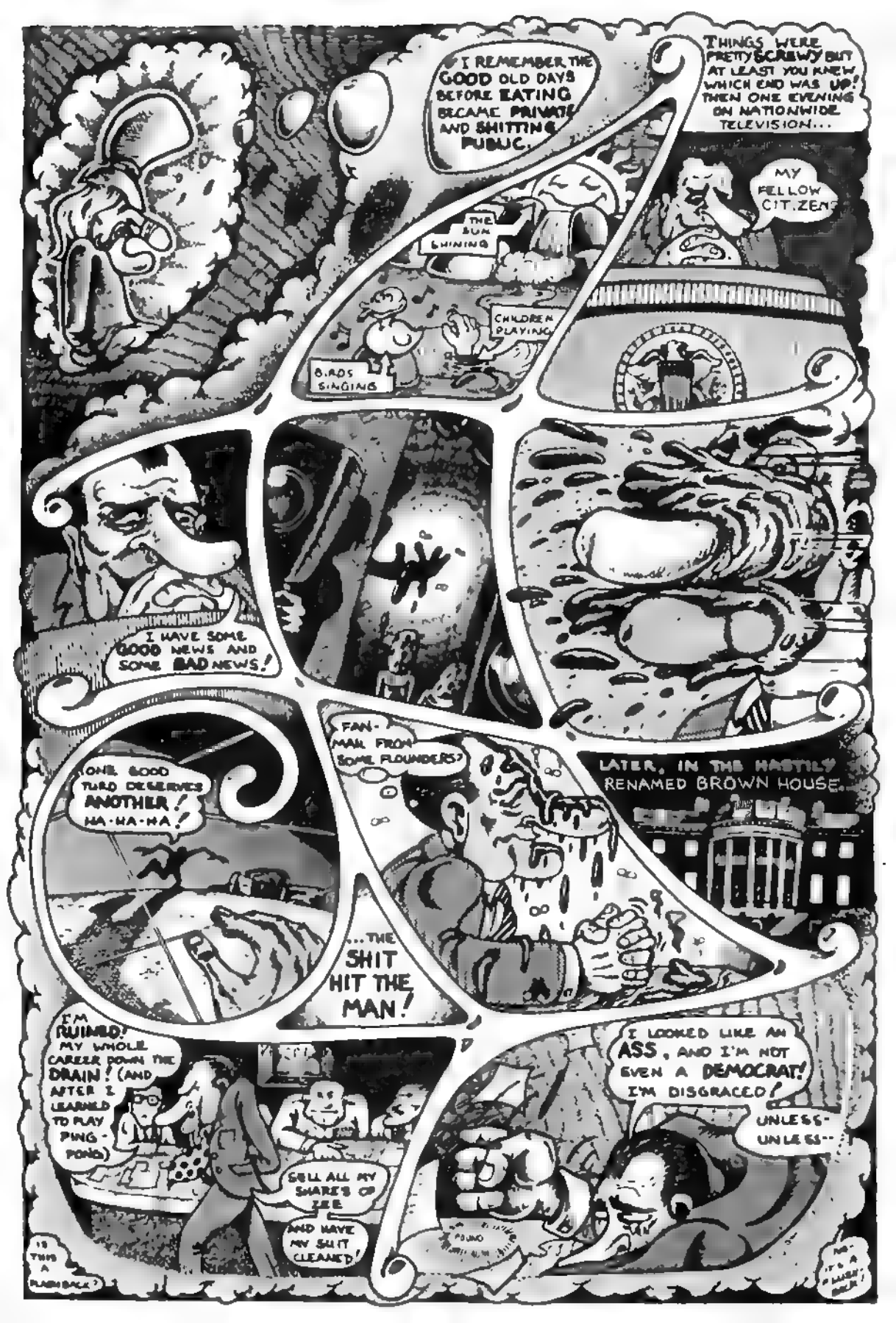
SHIT FIST

SLINKING IN THE SHADOWS, A SOLITARY FIGURE STALKS THE STREETS...

A "WE-SHIT-YOU-NOT" PRODUCTION

HA-HA-HA!
OH-OH!
GOOD HUMOR
LUCKY I'VE GOT A QUICKDRAW THAT'S PUT JESSE JAMES TO SHAME!
TINKLE-TINKLE
TAKKA-TAKKA-TAKKA
WELL, MY AIM IS STILL GOOD!
RATS! (HISSED)
ZOOM
SHUM
AT LEAST I'LL DIE GRACEFULLY!
DON'T HAVE TO SHOW YOU NO STINKIN BADGE!
SMILE
YOUR NAME IS ON OUR SHIT LIST!

NOT LONG AFTER-
YOU, DREDGEBOTTOM GRITCH, ARE ACCUSED OF SHITTING WITHOUT A PERMIT, WIPING WITH STOLEN PROPERTY, AND CONSPIRING TO CONSTIPATE! WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?
YOU CAN'T STOP THE BOWEL MOVEMENT!
AWAY GOES TROUBLE DOWN THE DRAIN!
JURY, YOUR VERDICT!
COMES THE DAWN OF THE PUBLIC FLUSHING!
BUND FOLD?
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT!
LIFE'S A SHIT SANDWICH--
--AND EVERY DAY IS A BIGGER BITE!


I REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE EATING BECAME PRIVATE AND SHITTING PUBLIC.
THE SUN SHINING
CHILDREN PLAYING
BIRDS SINGING
THINGS WERE PRETTY SCREWY BUT AT LEAST YOU KNEW WHICH END WAS UP! THEN ONE EVENING ON NATIONWIDE TELEVISION...
MY FELLOW CIT.ZENS
I HAVE SOME GOOD NEWS AND SOME BAD NEWS!
ONE GOOD TURD DESERVES ANOTHER! HA-HA-HA!
FAN-MAIL FROM SOME FLOUNDERS?
LATER, IN THE HASTILY RENAMED BROWN HOUSE...
...THE SHIT HIT THE MAN!
I'M RUINED! MY WHOLE CAREER DOWN THE DRAIN! (AND AFTER I LEARNED TO PLAY PING-PONG)
SELL ALL MY SHARES OF IBM
AND HAVE MY SHIT CLEANED!
I LOOKED LIKE AN ASS, AND I'M NOT EVEN A DEMOCRAT! I'M DISGRACED!
UNLESS-UNLESS--
IS THIS A FLASHBACK?

WE MUST AMERIKANIZE SHIT!
I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW...
... COWPIE, MOTHERHOOD, AND THE AMERIKAN TURD!
THE PUBLIC'LL NEVER SWALLOW IT!
DO YOU THINK THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX WAS BUILT IN A DAY?
PASS A FEW LAWS, BUY A FEW VOTES, WIPE OUT A COUPLE OPPONENTS, AND PRESTO, I'LL HAVE AMERIKA BY THE BALLS!
WE'LL START WITH SMALL THINGS—DEDICATE A FEW MONUMENTS — THE DISCOVERY OF MOON TURDS-NATIONAL SHIT WEEK — YOU CAN SHIT ALL OF THE PEOPLE ALL OF THE TIME!
THEN THEY WONT HAVE ICK TO SMEAR AROUND ANYMORE! SHIT WILL BE A NATIONAL INSTITUTION A RELIGION - A WAY OF LIFE! AND I'LL BE KING OF THE HEAP!
KIN I LEAVE THE ROOM?
NEXT MORNING
THAT'S A TOUGHIE - BUT WE DID GET YOU ELECTED!
LET'S RUN IT UP A FLAGPOLE AND SEE IF ANYONE SQUATS!
DAILY POOP AD AGENC
EXTRA PRESIDEN EATS SHIT
AT FIRST, THE MESSAGE WAS SUBTLE—
GOO

WITH MEDIA HELP, SHIT BECAME A FAD --
MULA POOPS
POOP PORKS
GRIN -- SHIT, IS IN!
THEN A FETISH
AND FINALLY A FASHION!
I JUST ADOHR YEWR NEW WRAP
THE FLIES ARE CUTE TOO!
SUDDENLY, WORD OF AN INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY HITS THE LAND!
DR INIMA, TELL US ABOUT YOUR DISCOVERY OF FRIED POOP AS THE CURE FOR CANCER, THE COMMON COLD AND SEXUAL IMPOTENCE?
A TURD A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY!
EAT ENUFF AND YOU'LL LIVE FOREVER
WHAT INSPIRED YOUR REMARKABLE FIND?
THE LOVE AND DEVOTION OF OUR PRESIDENT, WHO UNFLINCHINGLY NOSED HIS WAY INTO UNCHARTED REALMS!
ANY PREDICTIONS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF SHIT?
I'M SURE THERE WILL BE A RUN ON SHIT
IT'S FINGER LICKIN' GOOD!
AMERIKA WENT OFF THE GOLD STANDARD AND ONTO THE SHIT PILE!
THEN QUITE UNEXPECTEDLY, IN THE MIDDLE OF
MY FELLOW FOLKS! IN RESPONSE TO THIS GREAT DANGER TO OUR GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT I MUST COMMANDEER ALL THE NATION'S POO-POO! FOR TO BE STRONG THIS COUNTRY MUST MOVE FORWARD TOGETHER — AND REMEMBER THE NATION THAT SHITS TOGETHER FITS TOGETHER.
MORE SHIT MORE SHIT
THE RICH GOT FATTER AND BEGAN TO HOARD THEIR SHIT. IT WAS AN HISTORICAL REVERSAL — FOR ONCE, THE POOR DID NOT EAT SHIT!
APPLES 5¢
FRESH SHIT $10/oz

TO THIS END, I HAVE OUTLAWED PUBLIC OWNERSHIP AND CONSUMPTION OF SHIT; ORDERED CONSTRUCTION OF STATE-RUN RECTAL RECYCLING CENTERS; ESTABLISHED BOWEL QUOTAS; AND DECLARED CONSTIPATION UNCONSTITUTIONAL! SO HAVE A HEART — GIVE A FART — AND GIVE TILL IT HURTS!

THROUGH THE MANIPULATIVE SWAY OF DOUBLESTINK, ALL OF UPTIGHT, POTTY-TRAINED, BED-WETTING AMERIKA TOOK A TURD TO LUNCH!

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS...

TWO BOWEL BURGERS COM'N UP!

SHITTING BECAME A MANDATORY ACT OF SUPPORT FOR THE COUNTRY —

IT'S POWER-LICKIN' GOOD

SHIT OR GIT OFF DA POT

I THINK I CAN... I THINK I CAN... I

BUT THERE WERE THOSE OF US WHO REFUSED TO GO ALONG —

I GOTTA FLUSH

I GOTTA FULL HOUSE.

HA!

I GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY!

WHEN I THREW THAT TURD, I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD LEAD TO THIS!

THE ONLY THING SHIT CURES IS CONSTIPATION. BUT THE NATION IS SWALLOWING THIS BULL HOOK LINE, AND STINKER!

YEA - BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? FIGHTING THIS IS LIKE PISSIN IN THE WIND!

BETTER TO SHIT ON YOUR FEET THAN TO SHIT IN YOUR PANTS!

MESSES FOR THE MASSES!

AND SO EMERGED THE BOWEL MOVEMENT, DEFIANTLY DEFENDING MAN'S RIGHT TO REMAIN LOOSE!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH —

I'M MAKIN' A LIST AND CHECKIN' IT TWICE..

...GONNA FIND OUT WHOSE NAUGHTY AND NICE!

REFUSING TO WEAR THE INSIGNIA OF FRATERNITY — THE GREAT SHIT-EATING GRIN -- OUR NAMES WERE PLACED ON THE SHIT LIST!
GOT THE STINK BOMBS?
PUBLIC POT #9
SHIT LIST
BEEP-BOP!
BUT SPECIAL SHIT PATROLS WERE SCOURING THE STREETS FOR TRAITORS, AND ONE BY ONE, BRUTALLY WIPED US OFF THEIR SHIT LISTS!
OREO!
GO
OREO AND ALL THE OTHERS GOT THE CHAIR!
I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT!
AND NOW, D. BOTTOM HAS FALLEN OUT FOR THE BOWEL MOVEMENT
POP
BACK AGAIN
READY, AIM...
FLUSH!
-ADDA WAY TO GO!

SHIT LIST
PART II
ALRIGHT, EXECUTIONS OVER. EVERYBODY BACK ON THEIR ROYS!
HERE I AM – UP SHIT CREEK WITHOUT A LADEL!

I'LL JUST CLOSE MY EYES AND IN A FEW MINUTES IT'LL ALL BE OVER!

GOTCHA!
GURK!
SWEEP

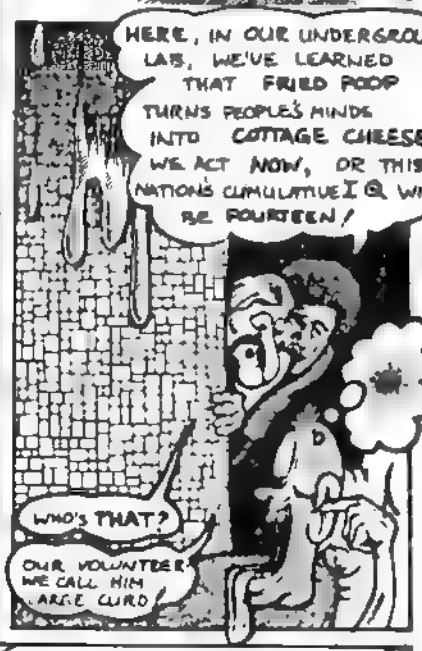
DREDGEBOTTOM, HOW ARE YOU FEELING?
I FEEL LIKE SHIT!

OREO! I THOUGHT YOU'D ALL BEEN FLUSHED!
WE WERE, D B!

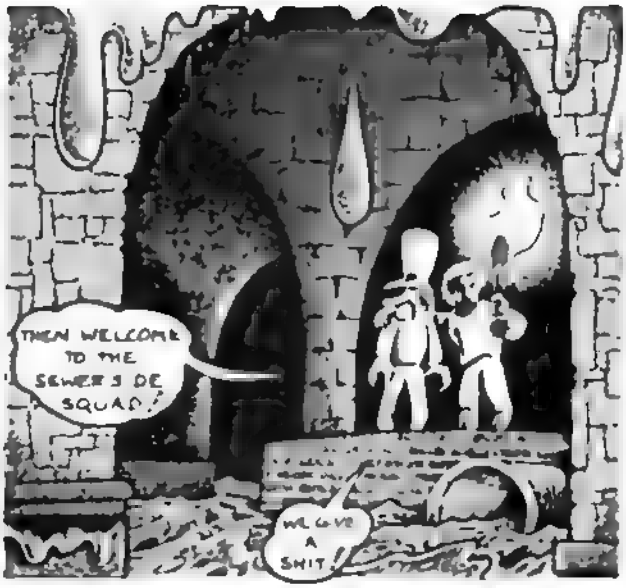
THEN HOW COME YOU'RE STILL ALIVE?
SILLY MAN- THIS IS AN UNDERGROUND COMIC BOOK!

BUT THAT'S NOT ALL-- YOU TELL HIM PROFESSOR!

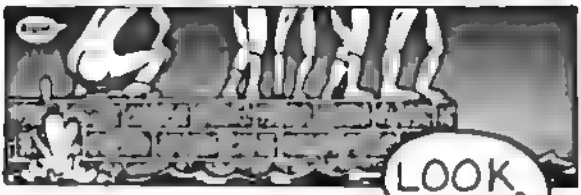
ANYWAY, WE'VE BEEN LIVING DOWN HERE ON RATS, SNAILS AND PUPPYDOG TAILS WHILE WAITING FOR YOU
NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, WE CAN LAUNCH OPERATION ASSBITE!


HERE, IN OUR UNDERGROUND LAB, WE'VE LEARNED THAT FRIED POOP TURNS PEOPLE'S MINDS INTO COTTAGE CHEESE! WE ACT NOW, OR THIS NATIONS CUMULATIVE I.Q. WILL BE FOURTEEN!
WHO'S THAT?
OUR VOLUNTEER- WE CALL HIM LARGE CURD

CUTE -REMINDS ME OF MY 10TH GRADE P.E. COACH!
FOLLOW ME -
BUT HOW DO I FIGGER IN THIS?
YOU GOT A MATCH?
DON'T ASK
WE'VE EXPLORED THESE SEWERS AND DISCOVERED THE PIPES THAT RUN INTO THE BROWN HOUSE--AND THIS IS THE PRESIDENTIAL POT--HIS SHIT IS SAVED FOR FOREIGN DIGNITARIES AND HEADS OF STATE!
SECRET MAP OF PRESIDENTS HEAD
THE PLAN IS TO INFILTRATE THE ENEMY LINES AND THEN..

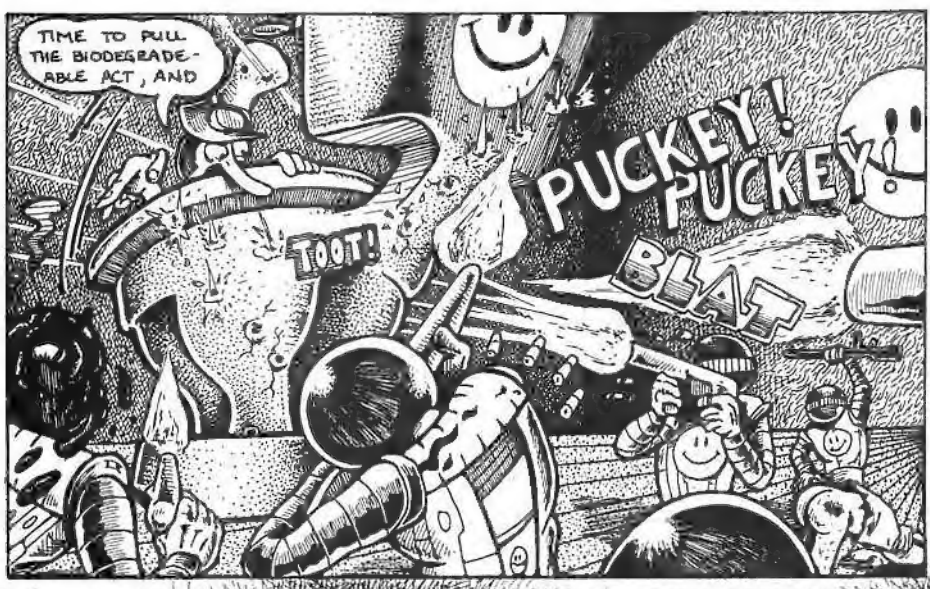


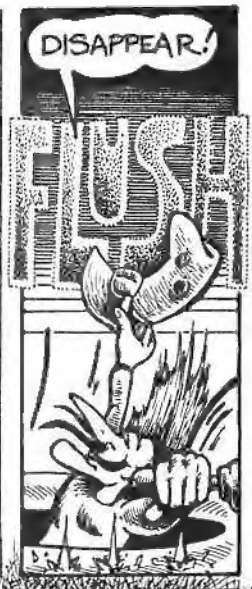
THE SEWERSIDE SQUAD IS QUIK TO GET THEIR ASSES IN GEAR



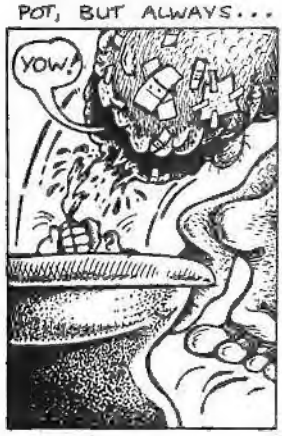
MUCH LATER, DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH –

FINALLY...
ALMOST THERE. RIGHT NOW WE'RE UNDER HIS SECRETARY'S OFFICE!
HA! THESE THIGHS ARE TRAINED...
SLURP!
...TO KILL!
FOOF!
...NICE ASS...
SNIF! GAS ATTACK! LOOK OUT, RATSY!
GOD! WHAT HAPPENED TO RATSY?
THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF MICE AND...AW SKIP IT!
THERE'S HIS HOLE!
...LET'S JUST CALL IT DERELICKTON OF DUTY!
KISS MY ASS
YOU BETCHA!
ME DO!
NO, ME!
ME FIRST!
YUMMY!
WOOLY-BUGGER!
AND DON'T FORGET TO WIPE AFTER EVERY MEAL!
CHOMP!
WOOLY BUGGER, MY ASS!
GET THAT GUY'S BALLS!





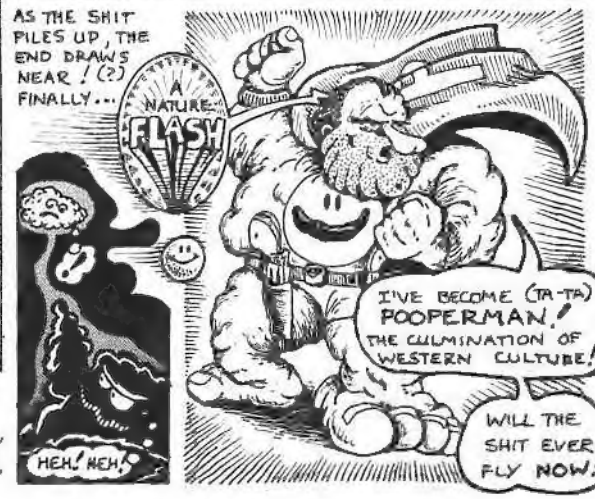
BUT THE ASSBITES GO A-CHOMPING ON! BOWELS BUSTING, THE PRESIDENT PLOPS ON POT AFTER POT, BUT ALWAYS...



HE GETS IT IN THE END!

BUTT ESCAPE HE CANNOT, FOR TRICKY ICKY IS A CREATURE OF HABIT AND THE VICTIM OF EXCESSIVELY HARSH TOILET TRAINING.

AS THE SHIT PILES UP, THE END DRAWS NEAR! (?) FINALLY...



I'M THRU MESSING AROUND! I'M ORDERING OUT THE BOMBERS! I WANT AMERIKAN SHIT TO COVER THE EARTH!
HOW DO YOU TELL OUR LEADER HE'S FULL OF SHIT?
WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE!
THUD!
BLAT
RUNDLE
SMORGH
ICK
AHOY THERE!
WHATCHA GOT?
THIS LITTLE GUY IN A ROWBOAT ROWS UP AND LAYS SOME STUFF ON ME HE CALLS KRAPTONITE!
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT!
MEANWHILE, HIGH ATOP A HASTILY-CONSTRUCTED PORTA-SAN, THE SURRENDER COMMENCES...
WHOZ THE LEADER OF THE CLUB?
WRONG RAT!
WE PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED SHIT OF AMERIKA,
LEMME HAVE THE SHIT STICK
FAP!
POIT!
AND TO THE POOPERMAN WHO SQUATS ON IT...
ONE TURD, UNDER ICK,
GOT A PIN?
WITH PLENTY OF BULLSHIT FOR ALL!
YEAH!
I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS A DOUBLE-ASS-IN-NA-SHUN!

HOLY SHIT!
PHEW!
HEAVY DUTY
REELY RANK
YA KNOW, IT'S HIGH TIME WE GOT OUR SHIT TOGETHER!
AS FAR AS HAPPY ENDINGS GO, THIS ONE STINKS!
THE END